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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1909.

Collegiate Reforms.

The advocate of the simple life will
welcome the stern announcement by the
ruling powers of an Eastern university
that hereafter no private servants will
be allowed in the dormitories. But per-
haps this proclamation will be a herald
of hardship to those who have attained
adulthood in the belief that a liberal
parental allowance paves a royal road to
learning. At all events, these sybaritic
students must learn to do without their
valets. The wage of an obsequious
"man" will no longer be included in the
bill of cost of a passing familiarity with
higher mathematics and the ancient
classics. The gilded youth must revert
to the ways of the fathers who qualified
themselves to earn the money to pay the
price of these later forbidden sybaritic
surroundings. Yet a few indulgences are
still permitted. The dainty undergraduate
may still have his shoes polished and
may be called in the morning upon the
payment of a certain fee.

These Spartan prohibitions and limited
concessions suggest a patent need for
stern reforms. It would be interesting to
know, as a matter of unimportant but
curious history, some of the details of
these inhibited luxuries. Did the serv-
ants select carefully the suit for the
day in accord with the weather predic-
tion? Did they escort the linen and pre-
pare the bath, perhaps perfumed? Did
they make the cheering fireplace glow,
and warm the slippers and the gown?
Better, indeed, a return to the ways that
characterize the democracy of letters.
Let once more the alarm clock ring, and
there may follow the glowing rush to
chapel and radiant, wholesome entrance
into the day of sturdy advancement to-
ward sound scholarship and manly use-
fulness in the better activities of the
world.

Welfare Work Among Workers.

The welfare workers of the women's
department of the National Civic Federa-
tion are industrious in their voluntary
and beneficent activities. The Novem-
ber Review of that organization publishes
details of special interest and impor-
tance to employers, of inquiries into
present conditions in the garment trades.
It appears that many methods have been
improved and that the "sweet shops" in
these trades have been almost entirely
abolished. Nevertheless, some deplorable
conditions persist in "tenant factories,"
with which public official agencies seem
unable to cope. But examples were found
of successful welfare work of such range
as to prove conclusively that it can be
employed effectively throughout the widest
industrial range, in the largest as
well as in the smallest factories. Some
of the results of these investigations and
progressive reforms are published in an
illustrated pamphlet that presents graphically
both needs and accomplishments.

This welfare work has been extended
to many cities where manufacturing es-
tablishments offer need and opportunity.
The branch in Washington, of which Mrs.
Taft is the head, is quietly bringing about
better conditions where women work in
government departments and bureaus.

Directory of Vagrants.

Chicago's new police chief has put into
practice a plan which can well be
watched with interest by other heads of
police departments. Col. Stewart intends
to rid the Western metropolis of vagrants
and dangerous characters by keeping a
complete set of records of all arrests
made in that city. A system of accurate
reports arranged conveniently will quickly
discover the honest man as apart from the
dishonest one.

Blanks at every police station are filled
in each time there is a vagrancy case,
and the information given can be proven
true or false by reference to former re-
ports. Men who are honestly trying to
earn a living will have no difficulty in
getting a clean bill, and will be given a
chance to make good. Men and women
arrested as vagrants will be judged by
past records. Satisfactory evidence will
be presented in the police courts, and the
co-operation of the judges will be an
important feature of the new plan.

After a fair trial in Chicago, it would
be well for other cities to make a study
of conditions, and adopt the same method.
Washington is more fortunate than most
cities, for here strangers are under a
form of surveillance, owing to the class
of official residents. Yet vagrancy laws
effectively in operation would end much
of the petty crime.

Chief Steward declares that instruc-
tions, admonitions, and lectures are non-
effective, and will not rely on them to
produce results. Each patrolman will be
responsible for all vagrancy cases on his
beat, and a failure to report them will
be charged against his efficiency record.
Likewise, the disappearance of any sus-
picious character must be reported, so
other parts of the city can be prepared
to "shadow" the newcomer, should he
try to establish himself in new haunts.
It is the belief of Chief Steward that the

vagrancy law can be so administered
as to make the city safer, more orderly,
and cleaner morally, without any oppres-
sion or inhumanity.

Mr. Taft and the South.

Says the erudite and esteemed Knox-
ville Sentinel:
"And they really believe in Washington that
President Taft is carrying on a political flirta-
tion with the South. We hear it every day, and see it
in the Washington papers. Sometimes we observe
symptoms of a redoubled feeling at the South, and
wonder if it has at last come to this, that a Re-
publican President and the Southern States are
making eyes at each other. But, then, we remem-
ber that President Taft merely wants to be friendly
and that the Southern people never forget their
manner."

"The South is the most hospitable part of
the United States. It is always well mannered. It feels
its guests the kind of food they desire. Our table
is run on the European plan, with the bill collector
eliminated. There is no limit to our hospitality,
but we would think better of the Washington
papers if they could remember that there is a
difference between hospitality and political alliance.
The South is not thinking of turning Re-
publican when it shows the warmest hospitality for
the President of the United States."

No one will take issue with the Knox-
ville Sentinel as concerns the South's
"manners" and "hospitality." The Wash-
ington Herald willingly would have said
quite as much in respect of that as the
Sentinel says, and perhaps it would have
been in better taste—eulogies of those two
charming attributes of Southern character
not emanating, ordinarily and as a
rule, from Southern sources. Waiving
that, however, and proceeding to the
more momentous question, it seems quite
probable that Mr. Taft is carrying on a
political flirtation with Dixie, albeit it
may be, to some extent, a somewhat one-
sided performance thus far.

Mr. Taft, in the event of his renoma-
tion, probably would like nothing more
than to appeal directly and unequivocally
to the South for some of its electo-
ral votes. He has said as much on
numerous occasions, notwithstanding the
fact that his faith that he will get them
may, as yet, be small. Mr. Roosevelt
made no secret of the pleasure and grati-
fication it would give him to receive
substantial evidence of political con-
fidence from Dixie, if only affairs might
so shape themselves that a request for
the same would be in order.

Whether Mr. Taft is "carrying on a
political flirtation with the South" or
not, and whether the "symptoms of a
reciprocal feeling at the South" observed
—however doubtfully—by the Sentinel
mean something or nothing, there are
many men who profess to think that the
next Republican candidate for the Presi-
dency will not only appeal positively, but,
mayhap, not vainly, to the South, espe-
cially in certain contingencies not neces-
sary to mention just now, but which
may arise, nevertheless and notwith-
standing.

The South not only has good "manners"
and is "hospitable," as the Knoxville
Sentinel modestly avers and admits, but
it is also materially sensible and level-
headed, which may not have occurred to
the Sentinel. If Mr. Taft has a message
for it, it will not refuse to take the same
to heart and give it due weight, having an
eye to the place whence it came. That the
South is "not thinking of turning Re-
publican" may be true. Perhaps, how-
ever, it does not great violence to the
probability to suspect that the South is not
not thinking unwaveringly of remaining
solidly Democratic for all time to come.

No dogmatic assertion or prophetic sug-
gestion with respect to these things is
advanced herein, however. It is not well
that one "really believe" all he hears—
not even in Washington or via Knox-
ville. But it need occasion no great sur-
prise if militant and aggressive Republi-
canism in 1912, headed by—er—any one
of several gentlemen that might not im-
prudently be named, cuts a considerable
figure through Dixie.

Count de Lambert is hailed as the
aeronaut wonder of the age in France.
He does do some amazing stunts in his
Wright brothers' American machine, to
be sure.

Mr. Loeb, too, must have noticed the
quieter atmosphere of the White House
when recently in our midst.

"Old man Cannon," begins Editor Jo-
sephus Daniels. Come, come, old man!

The admirers of Senator Gore probably
will applaud his courage in rushing to
the defense of Oklahoma's weird constitu-
tion, but not a few of them will doubt his
judgment.

"Go it, Bryan! Go it, Tillman!" ad-
vises the Norfolk Landmark. But with
the soft pedal on, kindly.

Old Dr. Aldrich's tariff operation was
admittedly brilliant and a perfect suc-
cess. The Middle Western section of
the patient's anatomy, however, still
threatens the life of the convalescent.

If Mr. Roosevelt were President, that
Ohio policeman who courageously arrest-
ed Ty Cobb would get a first-class post-
master'ship, at least.

Speaking of himself, Mr. Roosevelt re-
fers to that person as "an elderly man,
with a varied past, which includes
rheumatism." We have not studied these
American people to no purpose. The
President's remark will merely produce a
reverberating chorus sounding suspi-
ciously, if irreverently, like "Oh, you
kid!"

Despite dignified protests and prophe-
cies, the betting odds of 2 to 1 on Gay-
nor's election still incline the sporting
gents to play the Tammany favorite.

More people seem to believe Mr. Jef-
fries can than believe Mr. Jeffries will.

One-o-a-o-o! Listen to this: Mary
Garden says: "America is only a rail-
way station." Toot, toot!

"I do not believe in fairies," says Mrs.
Pankhurst. She is not Mrs. Peter Pan-
kurst, of course.

"In four years I will step down and
out," said Mr. Taft in Little Rock. Do
not take that too seriously, gentle reader.
Mr. Taft, in becoming modesty, of course,
could hardly have said more or less.

Prof. Matt Henson does not seem likely
to succeed as a lecturer. The professor
is destined to learn, in all probability,
that there are spots at home quite as
cold as anything he ever experienced at
the North pole.

An Ohio postmaster who recently re-
signed his office has been adjudged in-
sane. If the insane people of this land
were confined exclusively to those who

have resigned office, however, a small
frightful war would be waged, and they
and then would not be loved.

Congress will be on the job in about
two months, however, and the rampant
anti-Cannonites will have another oppor-
tunity to prove how much they mean it.

"Every wagon in Alabama is a hand
wagon," says the Montgomery Adver-
tiser. Is the water wagon completely out
of commission at last?

The late Dowager Empress of China
has not yet been buried. You see, they
have only buried the late Emperor some
seven or eleven times, and they prob-
ably hate to begin burying the Empress
before they get through with him.

Mr. Peary is quoted as having said,
"Rasmussen is a peculiar person." If
Mr. Peary had revised that copy one
more time, doubtless he would have blue-
pencilled the "pecu."

Arrah, bedad! The new Spanish pre-
mier is an Irishman! Now, will the popu-
lace be good?

How about Chancellor Day for the Chi-
nese mission? He has not said anything
in quite a while.

"Dick Croker is coming over to help
Tammany carry its ticket," says the
Richmond Times-Dispatch. Of course he
is, as usual—only he never comes.

The Savannah News speaks eloquently
of the "swan song of the carriage." A
trifle obscure as to its meaning, mayhap,
the statement, nevertheless, compels the
thought that the "swan song of the car-
riage" must be a sweeter thing than the
"honk honk" of the automobile.

If a book telling the real truth of the
North pole discovery ever is written, men
as well as women will be perfectly just-
ified in turning to the last chapter first
thing, to see how it ends.

Columbus, Ga., should not feel cut up
because Mr. Taft finds himself unable to
spend more than ten minutes of his time
there. When Mr. Taft was Secretary of
War, Washington used to feel immensely
flattered to have him drop in for ten
minutes or so now and then.

All the same, when the D. A. R. Rters
meet here next winter, Mr. Taft may as
well turn that soft answer motto to the
wall for the time being.

Doubtless, the Czar of Russia's poor
kln devoutly hope he will not come
a-visiting them accompanied by all the
oufit.

Mr. Tillman Disagrees.
From the Norfolk Landmark.
Another former adherent of Mr. Bryan's who
disagrees with the tenacious anti-Southern tariff
doctrine is Senator Tillman.

Mr. Taft on Waterways.
From the Baltimore Sun.
President Taft indulges in the common fallacy
that waterway development will be one of the best
means for controlling railroad rates.

Gov. Hughes' Idea of Duty.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Gov. Hughes refuses to mix up in the New York
mayoralty campaign. He evidently believes that
just being a good, painstaking governor is enough
to keep one busy.

Mr. Cannon's New Word.
From the Kansas City Star.
According to Bird McGuire, the fight on Speaker
Cannon is "orthodox." Mr. Cannon will adopt this
word, too, as soon as he learns to pronounce it and
finds out what it means.

Mr. Meyer Knew Time.
From the New York Sun.
The Hon. George W. Meyer, Secretary of the
Navy, is entitled to some extension of time in re-
spect of satisfying the newspaper clamor for definite
action, we mean. He has been in office only about
six months.

Mr. Roosevelt and Missions.
From the Springfield Republican.
When not killing lions or reading the pigskin
library, Col. Roosevelt has been looking into the
missionary situation in Africa, and has promised
to tell the Reformed Church, to which he belongs,
all about it.

The President's Honor.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Mr. Taft's swing seat of honor served him
well in Texas, where he had to take transportation
in a State that has been one of the foremost
in harrasing the railroads, to which it is so fiercely
indicted for its demerit.

Gov. Comer's Defect.
From the Nashville American.
According to the report of State Auditor Brandon,
there was a deficit in the Alabama treasury on
October 1 this year. This is not a very pleasant
condition of affairs to the treasury of our sister
State. Gov. Comer has proven quite
an expensive chief magistrate.

Mr. Crane Little Previons.
From the New York Journal of Commerce.
It was the published intention, due to the in-
direct frankness of Mr. Crane, that the depart-
ment was engaged in the combustion of the re-
cently signed agreements between Japan and China,
with a view to protesting against one of them, that
the newly appointed Minister to China, his
place. The text of these two agreements is now
public property.

Women Swimmers.
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.
The Korean women are the best swim-
mers in the world," said a lifeguard.
"The Korean pearl diving is in their
hands. They swim—they don't boat—they
swim out to the pearl fisheries of Quel-
part luging baskets with them. After
this swim of half an hour they dive down
fifty feet and fetch up queer one-shelled
pearl oysters as big as babies. They shelve
them to keep them afloat—and after
three or four hours' work they bring up
some with their catch. This big one-
shelled oysters are valuable as pearl
mines and as food, too. A half dozen
Koreans will sit down to an oyster as
gayly as you or I sit down to a boiled
lobster. Sometimes with the great shell-
fish is eaten raw it quivers and moans
slightly as the knife is plunged into it."

Let us just pretend we're youngsters
Wearing little frocks or kilts,
Playing hose or mowing rakes,
Stealing grapes or walking stilts,
Let us just pretend we're boys
As so oft we were in youth,
Though our manner be the simplest
And our manner be uncouth.

Let us romp and laugh light-hearted
Through the fields, or build a house
Of the lumber, bending without
And pretend we are a mouse
Hiding from that cat that wants us,
Languishing when at last we're found,
Where the winds are blowing briskly
And the leaves are on the ground.

It will take us back through by-ways
Long forgotten in the years.
And we'll see the cows at pasture,
And the crooked old inn.
Will await the chopper's advent,
Where they threshed September grain,
And perhaps an old familiar
Friend will meet us in the lane.

Let us hear the down and chickens,
See the cat tied to the fence,
Watch the smoke curl from the chimney
Where it issues white and dense,
Note the jostling of the cows,
Where a leaf eludes to the bough,
And hear another one more calling:
"Children, supper's ready!"
—St. Louis Star.

LET'S PRETEND.

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Wearing little frocks or kilts,
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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

GETTING ALONG.

The airship used to be quite humble.
For it was prone
To take an unexpected tumble
Whenever flown.

It had to wait for wind and weather,
For peaceful skies,
And no one knew exactly whether
It would arise.

Its schedule never could be listed;
Its moods were queer,
And eggs were always getting twisted
About its gear.

But now it must be growing classier.
The aeroplane
At College Park last week got sassy
And raced a train.

Never Can Tell.

"In Russia there are trying to reform
the calendar."

"Well, that seems a harmless issue. I
shouldn't think any politician would be
afraid to line up on that."

It May Be.

"I see that coal dust is said to be ben-
eficial to the health."

"Is that old item going the rounds
again?"

"You appear to have read it before."
"Yes, I think some kind-hearted dub
puts it into circulation every fall, just to
jolly the people who have furnaces
to tend."

Not So Rare.

Your science may be somewhat flat
But it is very likely that
You do know where
That genus rare,
The humbug, has its habitat.

A Bitter Blow.

"Why are you so bitter against Uncle
Nebuchadnezzar?"

"He lost his money shortly after we
named the baby for him."

More Opportunities.

"This old anecdote is about worn out,"
declared the hack writer. "I'm ashamed
to attach it to any more public men."

"Tack it onto some prominent pugil-
ist," advised his friend. "That field hasn't
been overworked in the anecdote line."

Sometimes Happens.

"I told you not to lend that man mon-
ey."

"I couldn't get out of it. I put myself
under obligations to him."

"As you say."

"I told an alleged funny story and he
was the only one in the crowd who
laughed."

MOUNT VERNON.

Shrine Should Remain Under Present
Control, Says Indiana Journal.

Some patriotic societies in Virginia have
conceived the idea that it is unworthy of
the nation that a fee shall be charged for
admission to that patriotic shrine, Mount
Vernon, the home of Washington, and
are organizing a movement to secure an
appropriation from the national govern-
ment that will be sufficient to maintain
the place without cost to the pilgrims
who visit it. This, of course, means that
the shrine should be owned by the na-
tional property.

Mount Vernon now is owned and man-
aged by an association of women who,
from patriotic motives, many years ago
obtained possession of several hundred
acres of the estate, including those on
which are the buildings and old garden,
and gradually put the place in order and
refurnished the mansion. The expenses
are considerable, because it is necessary
to employ many workmen to keep the
grounds and buildings in shape and many
guards to prevent the ravages of relic-
hunters. The work is well done, as vis-
itors know, for the place is always in beau-
tiful order. The admission fee is but 25
cents, and certainly no reasonable person
could complain of this. It does not ap-
pear, in fact, that any one has com-
plained, but only that it seems better to
these Virginians that the shrine should
be free to the public.

It seems a mistaken idea. The associa-
tion of women labored hard to secure the
present conditions, and the government
could make no improvement on them. On
the contrary, if the place were left to
secular consideration, with free ad-
mission to every one, the probability is
that it would soon lose much of its pre-
sent beauty and charm through careles-
ness and neglect. It is in good hands
now and should be left there.

Unwritable English.

"Did you know that there is at least
one sentence in English that can be
spoken, but that it is impossible to
write?" asked a Cambridge University
don.

"Yes, it's correct English, I suppose,
and then again it isn't. Here is the sen-
tence, I don't know if you know how
you are going to write it: 'There are
three twos in the English language.'"
The sentence is incorrect, as it is if you spell
them, but it is correct if you say them.
Really, it is incorrect to say it at all! It
certainly should be possible to ex-
press the thought. This thing has set
me going, and it simply goes to show
what a tangle the English language is.

There really is a word "two", and a
word "two", and another "two", and
all three are pronounced alike—two, too,
or to—which makes it correct to say,
"There are three twos," or "three toos,"
or "three too's" in the English language."
But what's the use?

Then He Collapsed.

The first time a man speaks in public
he probably suffers more agony in a
shorter space of time than at any other
part of his career. Young Frankington
felt the truth of this very keenly the
other day when he found himself facing
an audience of five or six independent
voters at an election. He had prepared a
very fervent oration in support of his
father's candidacy, but for the first few
moments he could do nothing but gasp.
Then, in response to an encouraging
cheer, he began to speak.

"Mr.—Mr. Chairman," he stammered,
"when I—when I left home this evening
only two people on this earth—my father
and myself—knew what I was going to
say, but now—now—well, now, only father
knows."

The Chevometer.

A chevometer is the latest device in-
vented by a Fletcherite. It is a machine
which, when fastened to the lower jaw,
rings a bell when the requisite number
of "chevs" have been performed.

A Perfect Parallel.

"What is your idea of happiness?"
"To be able to spend my own money
just as if I were going to turn in an ex-
pense account when I get home."

Payne-ful Necessity.

"Poverty is not a luxury," says Tom
Lawson. "It is almost a necessity
since the Payne law went into operation."

For Aged and Indigent.

"A libretto, Aurelius, is a home for old
jokes."

PEOPLE AND THINGS

A Wandering Pension.

It is more than two centuries and a
half since Richard Penderel hid Charles
II in an oak at Boscombe. Although the
male line of the Stuarts is extinct and
Hanoverians hold royal rank, the annuity
of £100 which Charles decreed to Pen-
derel and his heirs is scrupulously paid.
Just now there is trouble about finding
the heirs. In 1859 the pension was divided
between two men, named MacLaren and
Winthorpe. They sold their life interests
in the pension for cash. MacLaren is
still alive, but very old, a London cab-
man, but Winthorpe disappeared. After
a most diligent search the government
satisfied that Winthorpe was drowned in
1874, and that his rights passed to a
daughter, who cannot be found, but for
whom apparently accumulated interest
for thirty-five years is held. Her name
is known, but her whereabouts is at pre-
sent not ascertainable. However, the gov-
ernment does not despair of being able
to get the money that is her due into
her hands.

Half Moon and Clermont.

There is every prospect that the replicas
of the Half Moon and the Clermont will
be present at Norfolk for the deep water-
ways convention in November. Arrange-
ments for their loan are progressing in
New York. The commissioners there
have made known their willingness to
allow the Clermont to be brought down
through the inland waterways, but there
is doubt whether the Half Moon will be
able to pass through the Erie Canal and
Raritan Canal. Commenting on this, Col.
Herbert L. Satterlee, chairman of the
Half Moon committee, said: "If a vessel
which is a prototype of one built in 1609
cannot go through the waterways be-
tween New York and Philadelphia in
1909, I think that is the strongest argu-
ment your association could have for
better canals." The Clermont and the
Half Moon, if they are secured, will leave
New York about November 5. It is in-
tended to operate the Clermont under its
own steam, and the triumphant naval
parade would then stop at Perth Amboy,
New Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, Bor-
deaux, Burlington, Camden, Gloucester, Philadelphia, Camden, Gloucester, Chester, Dela-
ware City, Chesapeake City, and, if
possible, at Baltimore.

Public Wireless Telegraphy.

The British government has taken over
from the Marconi company the telegraph
stations on the coast line. The post-
master general declares that "it is to
the public interest, both from a commercial
and a strategic point of view, that the
coast stations used for 'communi-
cation with ships should be in the hands
of the government, and should be worked
as part and parcel of the general tele-
graphic system of the country. I think
it important also that no private monop-
oly in wireless telegraphy should be al-
lowed to grow up." But it is to be
noted that the land telegraph systems in
Great Britain are under